

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL, PARIS.



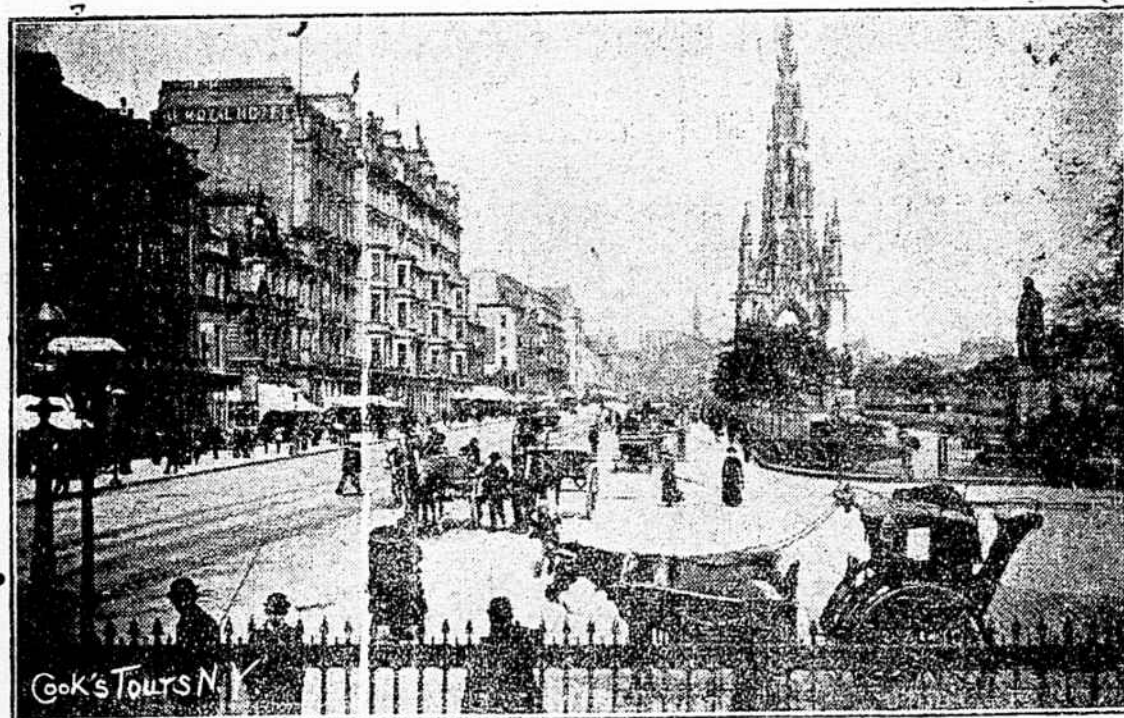
POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

Anyone Who Wants to Vote May Do So

The subscription price of the Gazette is the same whether paid direct to The Gazette or to those soliciting for the benefit of some candidate. The contest costs the public nothing.

The Gazette will offer the candidates every assistance possible in an impartial manner in the prosecution of their campaign for votes and subscribers.

The office of the Contest Manager is at the Gazette office, Phone No. 7, where he may be seen at any time relative to matters concerning the contest. Anyone Interested should call up.



PRINCESS ST., EDINBURGH. Scott's Monument in the Distance.

CANADA AMONG THE FOREIGN LANDS INCLUDED IN ITINERARY

Connection of the Quaint Dominion Towns With Old World Makes Fitting Introduction of the Mother Countries.

As a further glimpse into the wonderful scenes awaiting to be revealed to them next July and August the winning candidates go with us into the spectacle of an Old World embodied in a new, into the two cities on the continent where modern progress and modern ideas have only succeeded in lending a new charm to the ways and customs of past generations.

Coming into Montreal over the Canadian Pacific, the party will get its first view of the broad St. Lawrence and the crowning heights of Mount Royal, whence the city derives its name. Even more than the falls and the shore of the Niagara river is the ground of this metropolis of Canada, historic and threaded with the footsteps of heroes and colonists dead and gone.

The troublous times of the early life of New France, the struggles of the new settlers that make those of our own land seem unimportant, are closely woven around this early landing place.

History of Montreal.

Montreal is crowded with the ghosts of the past four centuries. It is this connection with the old world which the party will soon visit that makes these cities a fitting introduction to the mother country across the sea.

The early history and life of the settlement of Montreal were distinctly religious. The impulse of nations changes with the centuries. The colonization of New France was the outcome of that religious zeal of the Roman Catholic faith during the 17th century. In those days the proper amount of piety would induce a vision more or less wonderful, telling the penitent his mission in life and his surest road to salvation. At LaFleche in Anjou, Jerome le Royer de la Dauversiere was visited by a spirit who commanded him to spread the faith.

Visions Visit French.

The unknown, unexplored conti-

nent across the sea seemed to be the proper place to perform these labors of faith and Dauversiere set about with all zeal to interest influential people in his project.

At this time the enthusiastic devotee had a wife and six daughters, and it is hinted that these young women were far more interested in the usual amusements and vanities of the times than in the dreams of their father. It is one of the vagaries of fate that the honorable gentleman never reached the promised land, but stayed at home, probably enduring daily reproaches of his family circle.

Jean Jacques Oller was visited by a vision at the same time that Dauversiere heard the heavenly voices, and it is recorded that the two men met in Paris, embraced without previous introduction and the minds of each became known to the other. The seed of the settlement of Montreal was sown.

Founding of Montreal.

At the appointed time the patrons of the enterprise provided a leader in the person of Maisonneuve, the first governor of the settlement and easily the most majestic figure of the time. The crude little joke about the uselessness of women was disproven in this early settlement of Montreal. Outdoing the men of the colony in heroism, ministering to them in time of sickness and caring for the band in general was Jeanne Mance, one of the few women who accompanied the first expedition. This French maid gave her inheritance to her family, and embarked on a tedious voyage to a wilderness that was in truth howling.

In the Place D'Armes square, at the present day, is the monument to Maisonneuve and near the figure of the gallant soldier is that of Jeanne Mance, tying up a child's hand. This statue is a fitting remembrance of the noble woman who helped to keep aglow the feeble fires of hope, and

who founded one of the greatest of Montreal's institutions, the Hotel Dieu, or hospital.

Today this Hotel Dieu is a spacious pile of stone buildings, surrounded by a great dome. Passing through the gateway up the broad flight of steps and into the corridor one faces the portrait of the foundress and realizes the extent of her work begun long ago in the wilderness.

The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours is perhaps the building most associated with this first founding of the city. While Jeanne Mance was tending to the bodily health of the colony, Marguerite Bourgeois was bending all her energy toward training the minds of the children of the colonists and such Indians as would receive her teachings.

While Mlle. Mance labored to found a hospital the sister de Bourgeois conceived the idea of building a church. The devout woman, with absolutely no possessions but her crucifix, went to Maisonneuve and stated her wish. As ground was the only thing plentiful in the pinched times, he granted her a tract and the first stone church was erected in Montreal. It was destroyed by fire in 1754, but rebuilt immediately and is now one of the principal Meccas for tourists.

Heart Rests in Chapel. Since the party is composed of women, the shrines sacred to their kind must needs have the deepest interest. Among the mothers of Montreal, Judith de Brosolles cannot be forgotten. She was one of the pupils and firm believers in the work of Jeanne Mance and carried out the wishes of that saint after her death.

Judith de Brosolles developed a remarkable talent for making soups out of almost nothing, such as the hungry colonists had never tasted. Dainty bits to satisfy the most capricious appetites were placed before wondering patients, who considered their origin nothing less than divine.

"This comes from the Infant Jesus,

Historic St. Lawrence River.

The members of the party who are early enough risers will have pointed out to them as they steam down the river, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles from Montreal, a spot known of old as the Castle Dangerous of Canada.

This was an ancient fief granted to M. de Vercheres of Savoy, at the disbanding of his regiment. The trail of the Iroquois led directly through the settlement, making the situation one of the most perilous in all New France and the most liable to desperate attacks from the savages.

Madeline De Vercheres, daughter of the house, made a name for herself in history and set an example for the following generation of French maids by holding the situation for a week under siege of an Indian band.

The father of the house had been summoned to Quebec, the mother to Montreal and the able-bodied men were working in the fields. Nobody was left within the fortifications but two soldiers, a few women and the younger brothers of the girl.

Picturesque Scenes Unfolded. The siege was raised by a detachment of troops from the neighboring towns but not until this 14 year old girl had proved the mettle of the early settlers of New France.

In the early morning the trip down the St. Lawrence will unfold a perfect feast of quiet pastoral loveliness. Picturesque villages, each with its old-fashioned church steeple, quaint farmhouses with hospitable barns of prosperity, dot the banks all

the way to Quebec. The years of strife, of famine and struggle are not so easily called to mind in the farming districts where the successive seasons of growing things help to smooth over the traces of unhappiness and privation.

Steaming down the river the party will get their first view of Quebec in the towering mass of Cape Diamond and perhaps they will be moved to exclaim, as did early voyagers: "What a peak!" These words in French (Quel bac) gave the town its name.

"The scenic beauty of Quebec has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, blazing and sparkling in the sun, the loveliness of the panorama, the noble basin like a sheet of purest silver in which might ride with safety a hundred sail of the line, the graceful meandering of the river St. Charles, the numerous village spires on either side of the St. Lawrence, the fertile fields dotted with cottages, the distant falls of Montmorency, the Point Levis, the lofty ranges of purple mountains, is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world."

After landing, Quebec yields a charm over the visitor and weaves a spell of the past centuries. It belongs to other times and has preserved that uniqueness which make it the most interesting city on this side of the Atlantic.

nurse to perish in the fastnesses. Her lover escaped from the ship and

Impressions of Quebec.

The first impression is of Europe and mediaeval Europe at that. The small box-like house in rugged stone or stucco, each bedizened with the owner's favorite color, and those quaint caleshes, peculiar to the city are the first objects to attract attention.

Then up the steep, crooked streets to the upper town, all the time getting further away from America and things American, or even English. The market place invariably attracts the first steps of the tourist and it is a genuine bit of Europeanism. Stalls and booths attended by old, wrinkled French women with brown faces and short petticoats and those immaculate white caps, are the last touch in the charming picture.

Up on the main plateau, after leaving lower town, the party will perhaps be of the mind of Henry Ward Beecher, who described the city as a populated cliff, a mighty rock scraped and graded and made to hold houses and castles which by all natural laws ought to slide off its back. But there they stick, like a bit of history perched upon a rock and dried for keeping in this northeast corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind on this side of the ocean.

The pride of modern Quebec is the Dufferin terrace, built at the instigation of the Earl of Dufferin and named for him.

The terrace is 1,500 feet long, 260 feet above the level of the river. It forms a part of the fortifications of the town and occupies part of the site of the old chateau of St. Louis built by Champlain in 1620.

The promenade is enchanting. High above rears the citadel, below the expanse of the river dotted with every sort of craft, from ocean liner to Indian canoe; across the water is Levis, with its three immense forts; down the stream is the beautiful Isle d'Orleans and over all the calm Canadian sky.

As the Dufferin terrace is built upon an old site, so everything in the city brings to mind some feat of bravery, some important epoch in the history of the nation.

Plains of Abraham.

The plains of Abraham back of the city was the scene of the last contest between French and English for the possession of the rich country of Canada. Standing on the plains and looking down the steep defile, where Wolfe, half dead from fatigue and disease, led a handful of men to victory, this great conflict is easily imagined.

A tall marble shaft now marks the spot where Wolfe fell, bearing the inscription: "Here died Wolfe victorious."

At the foot of the defile is Wolfe's cove, the scene of the landing, 150 years ago, under cover of darkness and the noise of the river, of those few English regiments which were to win the battle on the following day.

The afternoon in old Quebec over, the party will again embark on the Ionian for Scotland. In the long summer day there will be light enough lingering over the water to make out the Falls of Montmorency on the north bank.

Montmorency Falls Seen.

These falls, were it not for their proximity to Niagara, would attract a great many more pilgrims than they do. They are 100 feet higher than the larger falls and of milky whiteness. A mile farther down are the natural steps, carved in the cliff and leading from the narrow shore to the plains above. These environs of Quebec have a beauty of their own and would be visited if the time in the Canadian city allowed.

Later, after darkness has closed down over the river and the tired party is recounting the sights and pleasures of a day in the city on a rock, the steamer will glide by that desolate pile known as the Isle of Demons. Perhaps they will be able to hear the howling of the beasts that raged around the hut of Marguerite De Roberval in the middle of the sixteenth century.

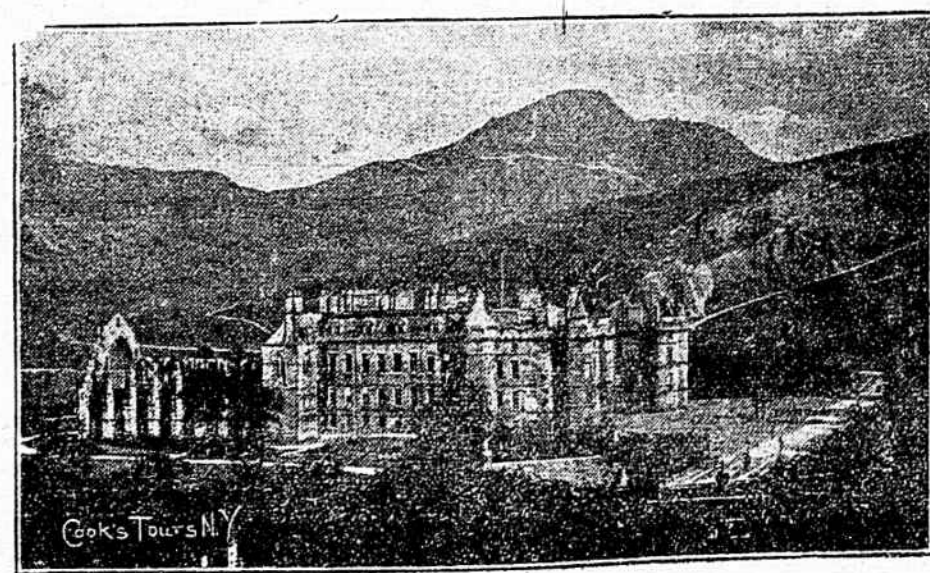
Left on Island to Die.

This unhappy woman was one of a colony brought to the new world by her uncle. Incensed by her misconduct, he cast her ashore with an old

(Continued on Page Four.)



THE LOUVRE, PARIS, FRANCE.



HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH.